Nim. I shall haue my eight shillings I wonne of you at
betting.

Pist. A noble shalt thou haue, and ready pay,
And liquor likewise will I giue to thee,
And friendship shall combinde out brotherhood,
Ile liue by *Nim*, as *Nim* shall liue by me:
Is not this iust? for I shall Sutler be
Vnto the Campe, and profit will accrue.

Nim. I shall haue my noble?

Pist. In cash most truely paid.

Nim. Why theres the humor of it.

Enter Hostes.

Hostes. As euer you came of men come in,
Sir *Iohn*, poore soule is so troubled
With a burning tashan contigian feuer, tis wonderfull.

Pist. Let vs condole the knight; for lamkins we will liue.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Exeter and Gloster.

Glost. Before God my Lord, his Grace is too bold to
trust these traytors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

Glost. I but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath cloyed and graced with Princely fauors,
That he should for a forreigne purse, to sell
His Soueraignes life to death and trechery.

Exe. O the Lord of *Massham.*

Enter the King and three Lords.

King. Now sirs, the winde is faire, and we will aboord;
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my Lord of *Massham*,
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts,
Do you not thinke the power we beare with vs,
Will make vs Conquerors in the field of *France*?

Massham. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.

Cam.

Cam. Neuer was Monarch better feared and loue
is your Maiesty.

Grey. Euen those that were your fathers enemies
Haue steeped their gals in hony for your sake.

King. We therefore haue great cause of thankfuln
And shall forget the office of our hands;
According to their cause and worthinesse.

Mas. So seruice shall with steeled sinewes shine,
And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope
To do your Grace incessant seruice.

King. Vnckle of Exeter, enlarge the man
Committed yesterday, that raild against our person
We consider it was the heate of wine that set him o
And on his more aduice we pardon him.

Mas. That is mercy, but too much security;
Let him be punisht Soueraigne,
Least the example of him, breed more of such a kin

King. O let vs yet be mercifull.

Cam. So may your highnesse, and punish too.

Grey. You shew great mercy if you giue him life,
After the taste of his correction.

King. Alasse, your too much care and loue of me,
Are heauy orisons against the poore wretch,
If little faults proceeding on distemper,
Should not be winked at,
How should we stretch our eye, when capitall crim
Chewed, swallowed, and digested, appeare before
Well yet enlarge the man, tho Cambridge and the
In their deare loues, and tender preseruation of our
Would haue him punisht.
Now to our French causes.
Who are the late Commissioners?

Cam. Me one my Lord,
Your highnesse bad me aske for it to day.

Mas. So did you me my Soueraigne.

Grey. And me my Lord.